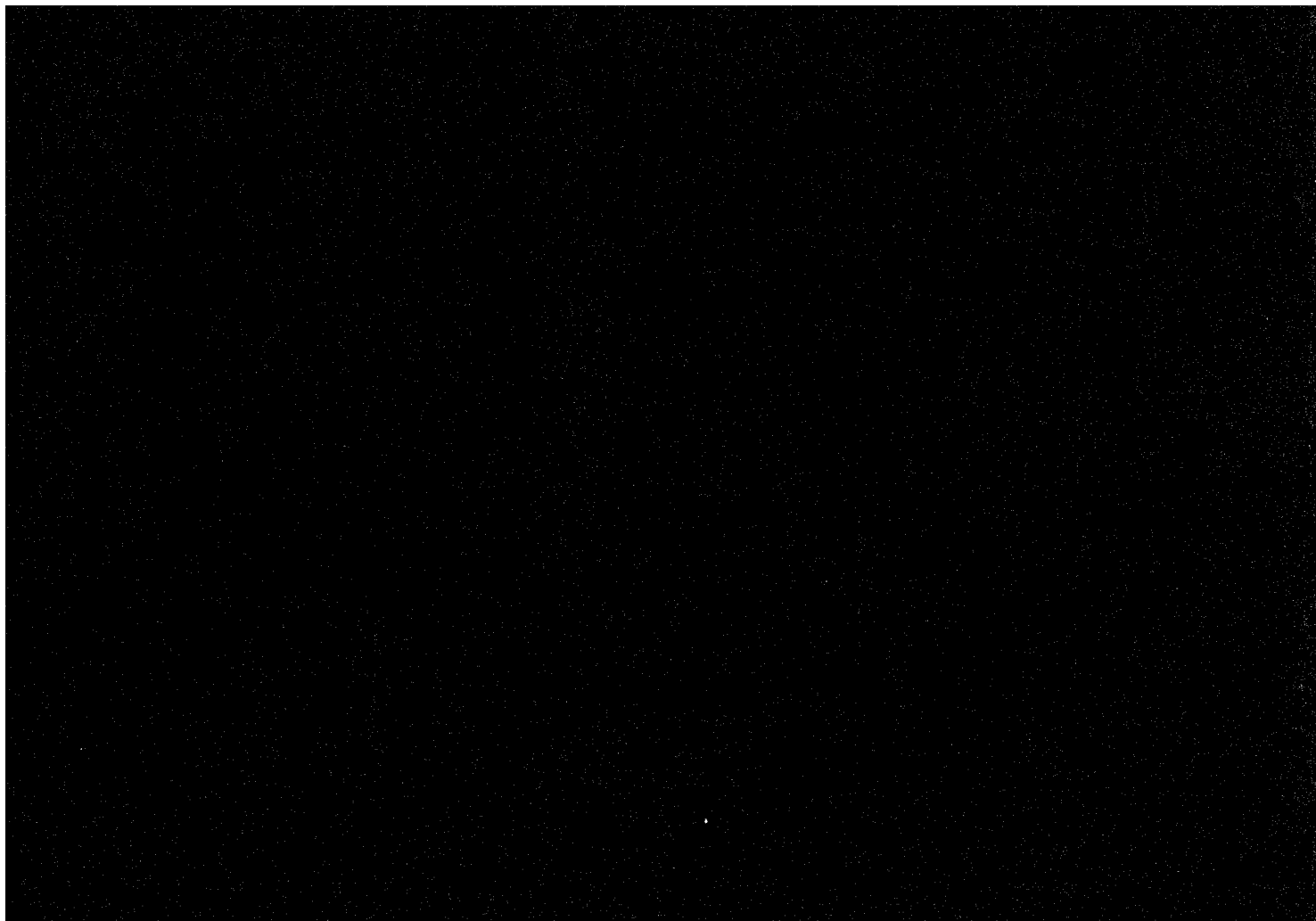


Old  
Fort Qu'Appelle

SASKATCHEWAN'S  
BEAUTY SPOT





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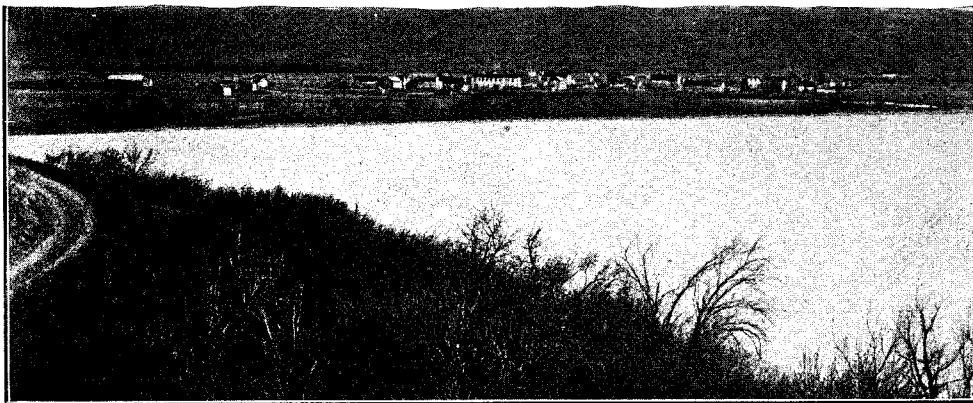
NOT IN PEEL

# Old Fort Qu'Appelle

Saskatchewan's  
Beauty Spot

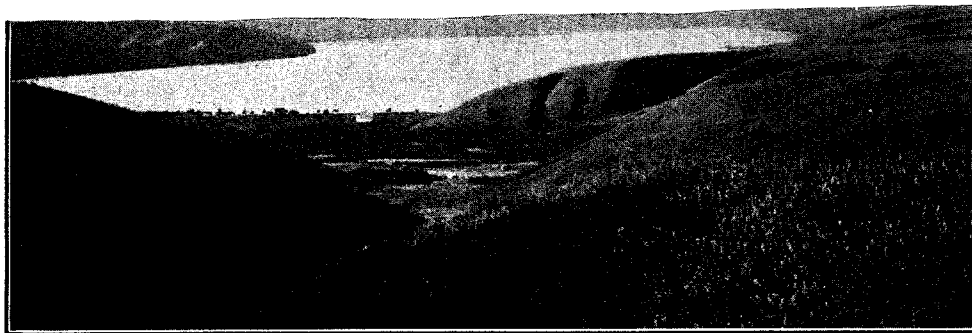
Rolling hills and gleaming water,  
Verdant meadow, shady knell ;  
Legend of a Chieftain's daughter  
Won and lost by old Qu'Appelle.  
River winding through the valley,  
From the hills which gave it birth ;  
Ne'er was heritage so precious,  
Left by nature on the earth.

WALTER B. SEYMOUR,  
REAL ESTATE, LOANS,  
INSURANCE,  
FORT QU'APPELLE, SASK.



Old  
Fort  
Qu'Appelle

Seen from  
Old  
Fort  
Qu'Appelle



## The Romance of the Fort

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“Who calls?”

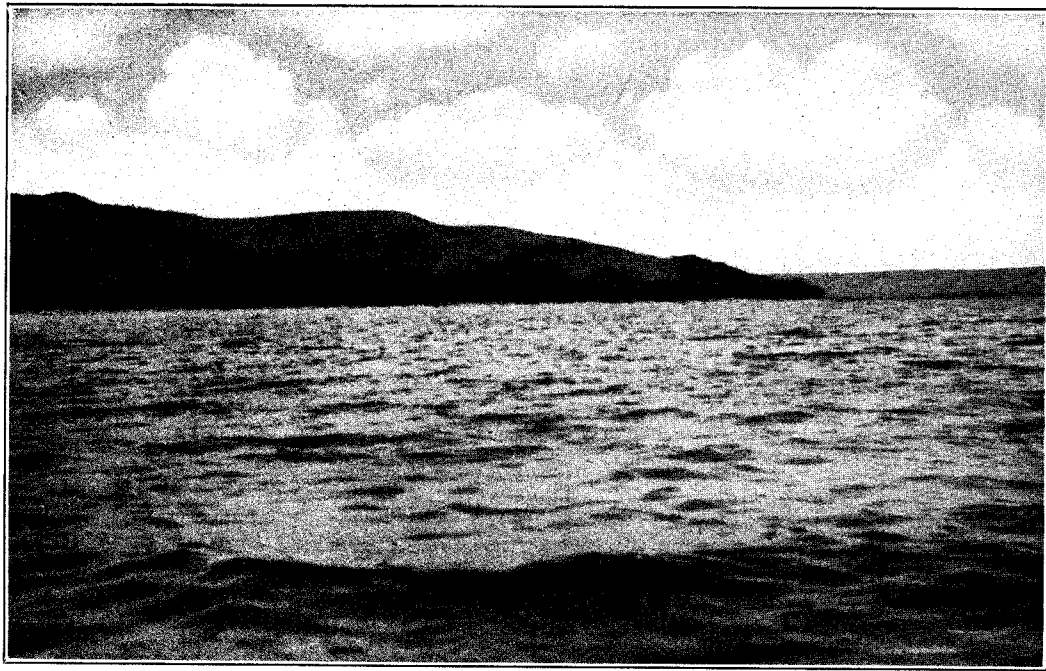
The canoe slipped softly along the silver tinted lakes, winding in and out of rich foliage and gnarled tree roots. The sun, almost set, threw a deep red hue across the water's face, bringing into relief the solitary occupant paddling swiftly down with the fast flowing stream.

“Who calls?”

The copper-skin ceased his work, and shipped his paddle. Head up, smelling the night breeze, he listened.

“Who calls?”

Like the cry of a soul in pain, his name floated out on the air. One stroke of his powerful arms sent the canoe shimmering like a live thing out on the bosom of the waters. Hither and thither with the speed and grace of the fawn, he flew, seeking in vain for the one, his Queen, who called.



“The pale face loves the haunted lakes, they say,  
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread.”

He had watched her from childhood grow into sweet womanhood. Tomorrow he would win her. From then on their lives would fit in sweet harmony with the wonders of Natureland around them. They would set their tepee on the bank, and, in sweet solitude, live the life that had been given them.

The blood coursed through his veins like bloodhounds at the slips, as he heard his name borne softly out on the western breeze.

“Who calls?” His voice rang out in rich mellowness. But an echo returned. Still-ing his paddle, he cried again. “Qu’Appelle? Qu’Appelle?” The night gloom deepened and a soft mist sprang up. The echoes still were “Qu’Appelle? Qu’Appelle?” and none other.

With fearful strokes, with hastening heart, he reached her tepee door. The moon, bursting from a cloud, shed silvery light around. Shadows, strange and swift, danced in the beams, but the shadow of Death filled the air with a strangeness that made the night owl cease his wail, and the hoarse baying wolf slink into the dark.

He looked at the beauty of her face. Claiming her as his own, Death had stalked abroad that night. The chasteness of love could not keep him from the camp fire; the call of the Heart, thrice delivered, proved no barrier to his chilling arm.



"Like a vision of Paradise,  
The clear reveals itself,  
Sweet and cooling."



“Who calls?” No more his name would echo in laughter or tears across the sweet waters. He turned back to his canoe. His face had lost the love gleam, and life had left him blank and cold.

“Qu’Appelle? Qu’Appelle?” You who read, ponder. You who sit beside the beauty of the Lakes, when the moon clears all around in the God-light, list for the call of her whom the copper-skin loved, wed and lost.

Such is the glamour and Indian tradition of Fort Qu’Appelle.





“The very herd forget to graze,  
And look in wonder and amaze  
Upon the mystic scene.”

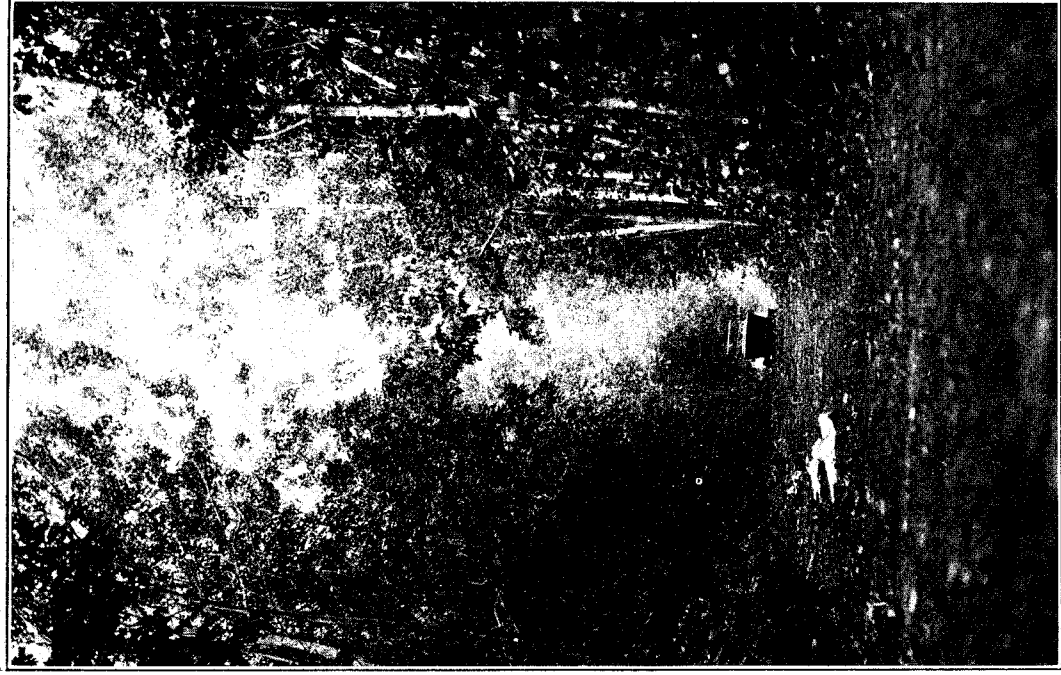
## The Beauty of Fort Qu'Appelle

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**I**T was a hundred years ago or more, that the Indian paddled his canoe down the lakes at Fort Qu'Appelle in search of his Queen who called him when in the arms of death at her tepee door.

But the glamor of the old Indian romance still clings to the Fort and its surroundings.. Indeed, it would be well nigh impossible to separate the romance from this modern day. Viewed from any standpoint, Fort Qu'Appelle and its wondrous chain of lakes is easily the most beautiful spot in Saskatchewan.

A drive across the bluffs from Qu'Appelle is but an appetizer to the real feast to come.. Through one of the richest farming districts it is possible to imagine, built up with prosperous "men of the soil," one arrives at the top of the coulee down which the old river and ox carts creaked their way, and looks out on a scene of splendour undreamed of before. As far as the eye can scan, high rearing peaks throw their heads in the air, verdent with green, and with the



"O covering grasses ! O unchanging trees !  
Is it not good to feel the odorous wind  
Come down upon with such harmonies,"

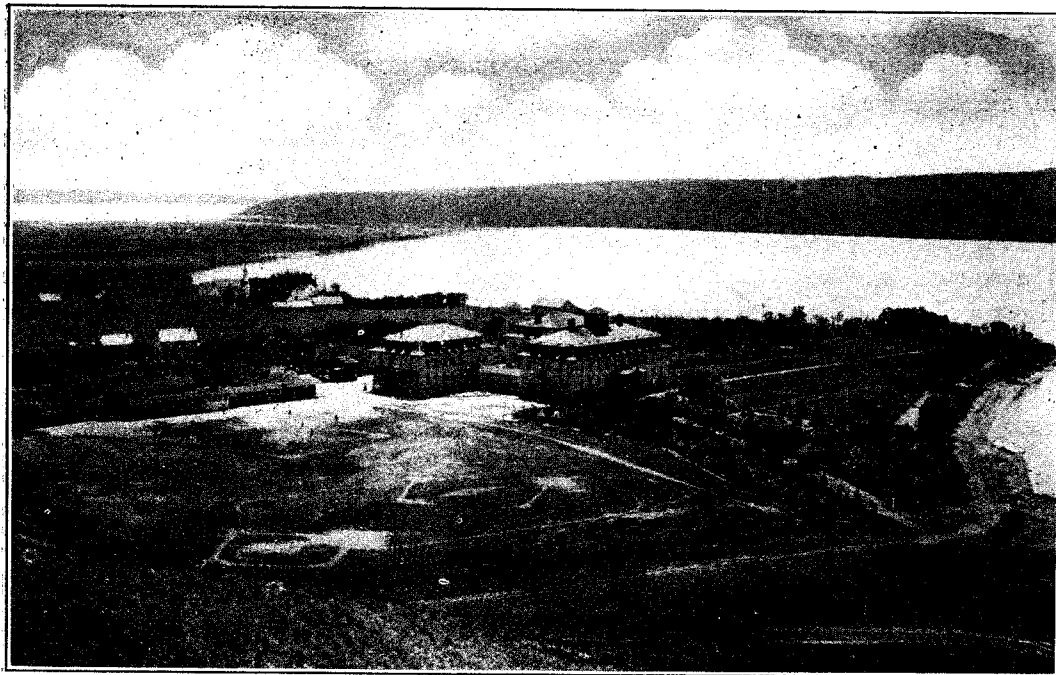
strange charm that is found where water and hill meets. There is a blending of color that at first puzzles the eye, then pleases, then rests. In the valley, lies the picturesque old Fort, which, viewed from the coulee top, causes a gasp of astonishment and pleasure. Nestling in a bed of soft verdure, small wonder is it that one's very breath is silent at the beauties unfolded.

As the buggy or auto (whichever you choose for your trip across to the Fort) stays a moment, the better to let you take in the view, the ideal and natural location of the Fort makes its lasting impression. The thin ribbon of steel, over which the iron horse will soon be plowing his way, glistens in the sunlight and the thin mist in the beyond, gives a faint glimpse of the north shore lying snugly in its bed of moss and grass.

When the sun is high, the waters take to themselves a color scheme that is mystifying. The poet has sung :

“ The very herd forget to graze,  
And look in wonder and amaze,  
Upon the mystic scene.”

A run out from the Fort to the west, reveals some of the most beautiful scenery it is possible to imagine. Your auto chugs its way for miles on soft springy roads, winding in and out, now in a clearing with a sudden break in the hilly banks, now in a densely



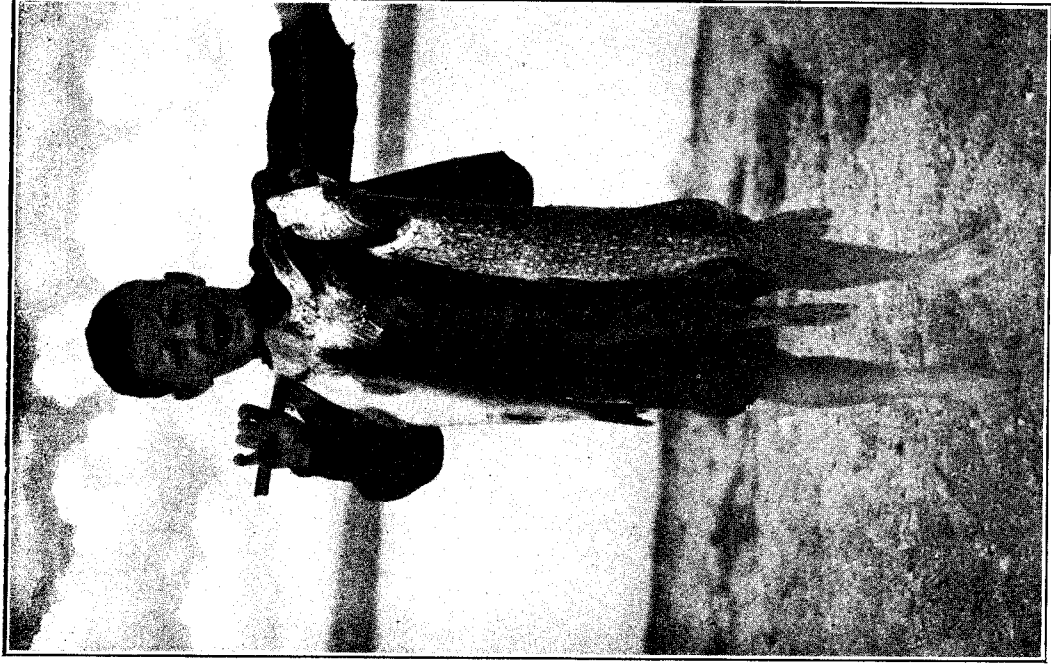
"A perfect artist hath been here; the scene  
Is grandly imaged; with what breadth of hand,  
What noble graces of freedom, all is planned."

covered lane filled with the sweet smell of summer life. The traveller slips quietly along, with no treacherous mud holes to mar the beauty of the ride, with no stifling dust to choke and annoy, but ever with the soft ease of the perfect road combined with perfect scenic effects.

Lovers' Lane! A deep lined trail, flanked with majestic maples and lowering ash trees, opens out---a paradise in itself. The wind sweeps softly down the lane, sighing in beautiful calm, and from here are to be seen the Fishing Lakes at their best. Broad stretches of clear, smooth water greet the eye, while ever spreads out the green hills on every side. Farther up one crosses the Sioux Bridge and falls back into the romantic as to the west the river connects up with another great lake seen faintly in the mist. Across the rumbling bridge, into the old encampment, now deserted, but not robbed of its picturesqueness, and east along the lake front through winding drives and shady dells.

From every coulee, from every clear, run narrow sparkling brooks, filled with the health giving springs that cool the parched throat and lips. There is a taste in this spring water which sends the blood coursing; for it is sent straight from those huge hills above that tower so gracefully; in little rivulets, it feels its way down the slopes and drops with harmonious splashes across the boulders, gaining its coolness and its sweetness on its way to meet its brothers---the Lakes.

Leaving the Fort, in the distance on the south side, the trail runs smoothly along towards the beautiful Lebret, the mission house and school making a picture of calm and beauty.



“The soft-nosed pike  
With scaly ribs, the  
Waters’ edge doth scan.”



Thence, up to the river and another feast for the eye. The flat, broad marshes contrast strangely with the towering hills, the latter gaining rather than losing in fancy and beauty.

The charm of the waters, of the hills, of the green, captivates one, and it is with reluctance that the feast of the hills is left. The calm of the lake is ruffled now and then by the soft nose pike as he pushes himself to the surface, snapping eagerly at some small fly passing on the wing. For this is the fisherman's haven of rest. He who would flog the stream, finds here "the widening rings that tell of life below." Cast your net, and in quick succession it tells of the existence of the pickerel, the muskelonge, the herring and the white fish. The whited tents on either side of the lakes, tell their own story. In the distant light we can see the coated fisherman as he sits in his boat enticing the willing "denizens of the deep" to shore.

Near by, rushes raise their heads, sunning themselves and bending majestically before their master, the Wind. In the evening sun the Lakes present an appearance that the pen is powerless to describe. The great mass of shade from shapely trees, the soft walks over the green moss, the twisted, upraised roots of three hundred year old maples, all go to make Fort Qu'Appelle and its chain of Lakes the most beautiful spot in the whole of this western province.

Such is the glamor and story of the beauties of Fort Qu'Appelle.



“For the trees are still mantled in green,  
As they silently danced,  
Curveted and pranced,  
On the curtain suspended between.”

## Sentiment and Commercialism

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**W**ERE it necessary to place on record a belying of the old adage that Commerce and Sentiment go hand in hand, it would only need to point to Fort Qu'Appelle. Here, the sentiment of a hundred years, the sentiment of beautiful surroundings and the sentiment of Nature all join with Commercialism with a blending that is astonishing.

It is one of the strange contradictions of life, that the business man, weary of his cares and the race for riches, will turn to the Sentiment for relief. In the West this is more and more apparent. And in Fort Qu'Appelle and its Lakes, the city man, the town man, the country man can free himself of his worries and bury himself for the nonce amid the scenes that gave birth to "Qu'Appelle" and amid surroundings, the like of which cannot be approached throughout the length and breadth of the country.

The advent of a railroad into the midst of this beautiful land (and the G.T.P. has now gone past the Fort on its way to the capital city) does not, as one would at first suppose, deter from the magnificence of the Fort. It brings nearer the realisation of the dream of Sentiment and Commercialism, rather than Commercialism versus Sentiment. Tired of your week's work?



“Only a ripple wrinkleth now  
The summer lake, and plashes low  
Against the boat, fitful flow.”

Heart and head weary, and soulless? The Fort offers you the richness of health, the purity of summer's sun, and the sweet refreshness of woods and dells.

Bold indeed would he be who could resist the call of the water. The boat is at the edge. For a hundred miles you can skim the waters on your silent craft. For a hundred miles you can float your craft along, now in the narrow neck of the river, now in the broad sun-kissed lakes, now pulling into the shades of a titanic monster whose frown is welcome as he looks down from almost the very skies clothed in his garment of green. The sand beaches throw their nose up to the side of the trail, white, cool, inviting. Firm in their tread, the beaches call. You strip, and plunging in, come up refreshed, as the water, sweetly smelling, falls away and leaves you free to splash around at will. No treacherous weeds to catch the unwary. No clinging mud to smear. A firm bottom, the clearest water, the bather's paradise.

Into your canoe or motor boat again. Through the narrow neck, back into the Lakes. Through the thin water, as in a mirror, your eyes rest on the burthen of the fish, their colors shimmering as your boat pushes its way along. The cry of a bird in the air, the sound of a motor horn along the banks, the soft swish of the rudder, the murmurings of the trees and the sighing of the wind, bring paradise to the mortal tired of strife and rush.

Within practically a step of every city of the province, destined to become the radiating point of a prosperous and contented community, no reason can be adduced that the Fort is not about to come into its own. For miles around the richest farming district of the province is within its district. Soon, in place of the stillness, will be heard the rumble of the wagon bearing to a



“When the moon rise tips the distant hills  
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.”

natural market the product of the wheat field. From the mountain top the eye will rest on a run of elevators shining red in the light. The cars will whisk away to the east with their full complement of grain and the loaded trains will take to the terminals the greatest produce of the farming district, the centre of which is Fort Qu'Appelle.

It is only a matter of time. The Fort has waited long and patient. The beauties of the valleys have waited for the invasion of the business man ; and the business man has waited for some spot, where, in his snowy tent, amid harmonious surroundings, he could restore the mental activity of a tired brain. The Fort is coming to its own.

No pessimism holds sway here, The Fort is on the verge of the greatest step towards Progression that Saskatchewan has ever known. "The Beauty Spot of the West", as it has been aptly christened is awaiting you and yours. Within a comparatively short time one can see another thin band of steel weaving like a snake through the valleys to the Fort. From Tantallon to Craven the C.P.R. will throw a line. Through the fort it will pass and another huge prosperous farming district is opened up for the Fort to have the advantage and benefit of.

"Who calls?" The land.

"Who calls?" The investment.

It is the cry that demands the most earnest attention of the man who would invest. Here again one finds the blending of Commercialism and Sentiment. The purchase of a lot in a sub-division on the river or lake front is purely a commercial undertaking. With it, Nature



“When early shades of evening's close,  
The air with solemn darkness fills,  
Before the moonlight softly throws  
It's fairy mantle o'er the hill.”

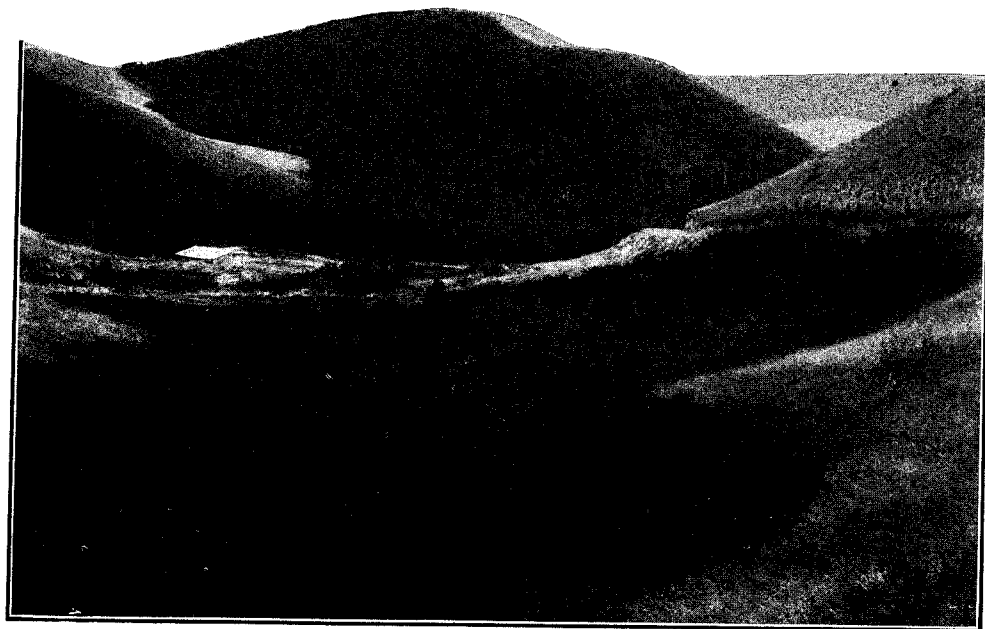


has bestowed a beautiful scenic subsidy ; with it, one is given the legends of a century gone by with it, one almost hears the creak of the ox-cart and the river-wagon ; with it, one hears on the air, "when the moon rise tips the distant hills, strange voices through the silence swell."

A glance at the map at the end of this booklet, gives one the situation in a nutshell. Bearing in mind the fact that the Fort cannot resist the demand now being made upon it, by both commerce and sentiment, the outcome will be natural. It is to become a combination of commerce and sentiment---a beauty spot and commercial centre. The most valuable asset to both essentials of this combination are present in over-whelming quantity---land values, and beauty values. The value of beauty cannot be estimated, now or in the future. The values of land can be estimated for the present, as a glance at the back of the map will show. But the future? Nature was wise when she took to herself the impenetrable veil of mystery, But the curtain is rent aside a little. One can catch a glimpse of what the future will be. Progression is to be the lot of Fort Qu'Appelle, a progress that the hand of man cannot stay, that is assured because of its natural location and the charm of its beauty.

The great summer camp of the cities and towns of the province, is now an established fact. There can be no gainsaying that. Opportunity has come to the hundreds of business men both young and old, and it is well to seize opportunity by the forelock and prepare for the future.

Such is the glamor and story of Commercialism and Sentiment.



FORMER HAUNT OF INDIAN AND BUFFALO

